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By the Gunnison River.

Glory and darkness, frost and sun-set fire
Changing on summits where the shrinking bloom
Feels, ere it starts, the pressure of its tomb.
The ærial lichen clinging to the spire,
Hung over floods that dash their wild desire
Of light and freedom through the heart of gloom,
Deepened with shadow of a brave man's doom: *
All these are 'round us, when our senses tire
Climbing brown uplands, warm with summer gales.
Voices we hear, the legends of rude force
Love, laughter and regret that link the dales
By mortal ties along the current's course,
And eastward see the clouds roll white as foam
Beyond the blue of far Tumitchi Dome.

MARION MUIR.

Alaska.

(CONCLUSION.)

But it is in his canoe that the Indian shows his greatest ingenuity, and in it he takes his greatest pride. It is to him what the pony is to the red man of the plains, and he looks after it with as much care as does an Arab after a favorite steed. They are hewn out of large logs, and are sometimes full sixty or seventy feet long, and eight or ten feet wide, and capable of containing 100 persons. One of the attractions at the Centennial, as some of your readers may remember, was an Indian canoe from Alaska that measured eighty feet in length and about three feet in depth, and was designed, when fully manned, to have forty paddles on each side. Such a canoe, we may judge from the descriptions left us, tallies closely, in size and form, at least, with the war galleys of ancient Greece and Rome. But in grace and beauty, and the rapidity with which they can be propelled through the water, they are, I presume to say, superior to any galley ever seen on Grecian or Roman waters.

* Captain Gunnison was murdered among the mountains.

The average-sized canoe, however, is not more than fifteen or twenty feet long, and made to accommodate only three or four persons. In this, when the weather is fair, the Indian spends the greater part of his time, and almost makes it his home. In it he lounges idly, as does the Venetian in his gondola, and seems to take special pleasure in being carried about by the waves and the tide, and to be totally indifferent as to where he may be taken. Often he will have his children with him, and they seem to be fonder, if possible, of the water than their parents. They paddle with their little oars until they are exhausted, and then quietly lie down in the canoe and sleep as soundly as if they were in a cradle, or on the fur beds in their homes on the shore. To the native Alaskan, his canoe is everything. He has no other means of going from place to place, aside from walking, and even this, in most cases, is next to impossible. To travel over the rugged mountains or through the forests with their phenomenally dense undergrowth is a much more difficult task than can easily be imagined. There are no horses or burros here, save the few recently brought from the United States, and the consequence is that the natives have to depend on their canoes almost entirely as their only means of locomotion. Whether they go fishing, hunting, or on trips of pleasure, their canoes are always brought into requisition, and seem to be a *sine qua non* of their existence.

The Indians also show considerable skill in weaving. The blankets woven by the Chilcats from the wool of the mountain goat and sheep are indeed marvels of ingenuity and coloring. They are far superior in every way to the best of those made by the Navajoes, about whose work so much has been said and written. The baskets, too, which they make from the inside bark of the cedar are scarcely less wonderful, whether one considers the figures worked on them, the harmony of colors displayed, or the substantial character of the work itself. Many of the natives also evince marked taste and talent in the manufacture of jewelry. The curiously formed and engraved rings, bracelets and trinkets of the Hyda Indians

especially, are curiosities of art, which sometimes even bear the stamp of genius.

And then I must mention their masks and dancing costumes. For weird, grotesque, fantastical, unsightly designs in costumes, and particularly in masks, the "Siwash"—the general name for Indian here—exhibits an originality that would be hard to parallel anywhere else in the world. In the paraphernalia used, the dances of the Indians of the States bear no comparison with those that are so frequently witnessed here in the far North.

In disposing of the dead among the Indians cremation is rather the rule than the exception. The corpse is put on a pile of logs and consumed amid the wails and weird, lugubrious, unearthly chants of the assembled multitude. The few handfuls of ashes that remain are gathered up and put in a sack and deposited in a little box, which is placed upon a frame in any site that may be selected. Sometimes one will meet such a box, or depositor, all alone, far up on the side of a mountain; again it will be seen on the shore near the water's edge, and still again the boxes will be found together in large numbers. Such is the case in Sitka, where the Indians have a regular cemetery, if such it can be called.

And what do the Indians live on? it may be asked. The answer is simple. They subsist almost entirely on game and fish, the latter being emphatically their staff of life. During the summer they gather berries, which are here found in great variety and abundance; but vegetables and cereals they have none, and never make any attempt to cultivate them. Their favorite fish are the salmon and the halibut, but they seem to prefer the former—probably because it can be more readily obtained. These they prepare and dry in summer for the winter's use, and their total supply of provisions in many instances consists simply of dried salmon. As one passes through their village in summer he will everywhere see the bright-red salmon drying on frames constructed for the purpose, and he is naturally reminded of the exhibitions of



AN ALASKAN FISH BRIDGE.

Chili Colorado that are so conspicuous in parts of New and Old Mexico. As a delicacy, the oolican, or "candle fish" is much prized. It is, however, quite a rarity, and found in only a few localities. It derives its English name from the fact that it contains so much oil that on being dried it can be ignited and burnt as a candle. The oil actually exudes from it as it dries.

Are any fish stories told here? Yes; but the reality so far surpasses the fictitious in other parts of the world that if one were to state simple facts, he would at once be denominated a Munchausen. In passing from the bays into the narrower channels

the fish often go in such large schools and move with such velocity that some of them are actually crowded on to the shore, where they die or supply food for the various birds of prey which here abound. The Izaak Waltons here will tell you that at certain seasons of the year the fish are so abundant that one can fill a boat in a short time with a simple pitchfork. Or again, they aver that in passing up the rivers or through the narrow channels they crowd together so compactly that one can easily cross over on the bridge formed by such a fish blockade without getting his feet wet. Some of your readers may think this is drawing a pretty long bow; but if they have any doubts about the truth of the statement they are referred to any of the numerous anglers who have visited Alaska during the past half decade.

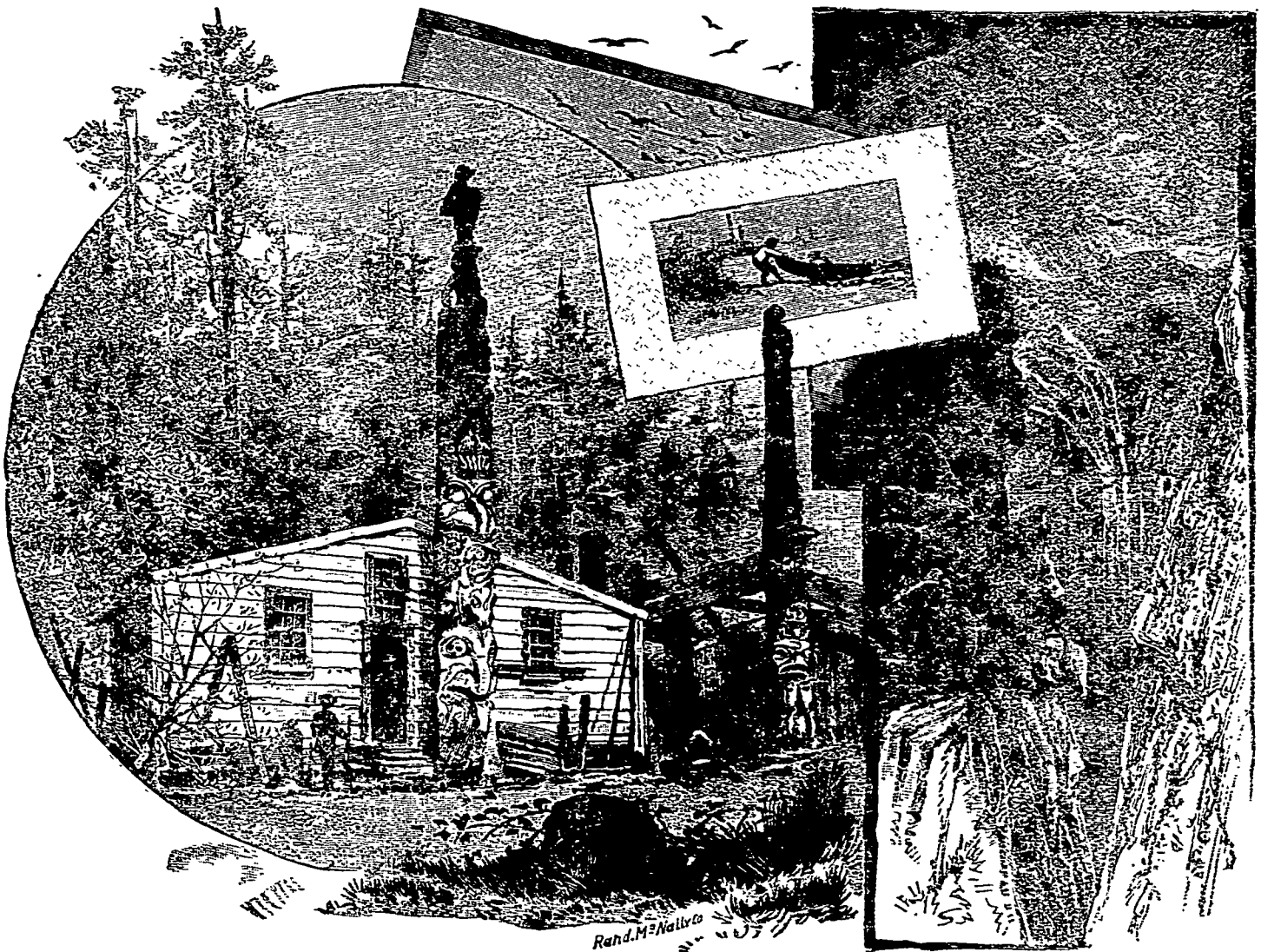
Living on fish, and leading the comparatively lazy lives they do, the natives have a fat, oily appearance, although, taken as a class, they will compare most favorably in *physique* to any of the Indians of the South. As a rule, they are more industrious, and are always ready to work for a consideration. Indeed in the mines and fisheries they take their place beside the white man, and do as much work as the latter, and do it equally well.

They are good hunters and skilful trappers; but they engage in these pursuits not so much for the meat which they obtain as for the furs which they secure, and of which they always know the full value. One may go into almost any Indian hut and find a collection of furs; but one makes a big mistake if he thinks he can get a good skin at a nominal price. Tourists to this country are surprised and disappointed at finding the natives here demanding as much and more for furs than one would be asked for them in New York or London. An Indian here, on being asked the price of a silver fox skin, will say "ten dollars," and count four, five or six fingers, meaning that he wants so many times ten dollars for the skin. For an otter skin he will ask you from \$80 to \$140, the price depending on the quality. And there is no use in expecting a reduction of prices. All the Indians seem to have a scale of prices and an iron-clad agreement to abide by the same, and it is simply loss of time to talk about getting an article offered for sale for less than the price first demanded. A "Siwash" will row from Sitka to Juneau—a distance of nearly two hundred miles—if he thinks he can get a few cents more on one or two skins. Time and rowing seem to be no object to him, and he will keep his furs for a year or more, or transport them hundreds of miles, if there is any possibility of getting the slightest advance in price. And this is not because he is so poor, or because he rarely sees money. All the Indians have money, and some of them can count their shekels up to \$5,000 or \$6,000, or more. But they always take good care to keep their treasure concealed, and will never allow even any of the members of the family to know where it is kept. The Indians of southwestern Alaska seem to be a happy and contented people, and there is no

reason in the world why they should be otherwise. They can always secure an abundance of food with little or no exertion, and the climate is so temperate the year round that they never suffer from either heat or cold. They need only kill a few fur-bearing animals—and that they can do with no difficulty—and thus secure the means of buying the blankets and other articles of clothing they require, and still have money left for other purchases they may desire to make. As a rule, the Indians of this section of the country, contrary to what might be supposed, are much better provided for by bountiful nature than are any of the tribes of the United States or Mexico.

Through the efforts of the missionaries, schools

probably the greatest living authority on the country and its inhabitants. He has spent two years in exploring the interior and the Youkon region, and has recorded his observations in a large manuscript work which, it is to be hoped, will soon be given to the press, as there can be no doubt that it would prove to be the most interesting and instructive work on the country yet written. His Grace is now making efforts to provide the more important posts with priests, and hopes soon to have schools in the larger towns in charge of Brothers, or Sisters, or both. The field may not seem inviting, the work may appear formidable; but the charge could not be intrusted to better hands than those of the learned Archbishop who has already



AN ALASKAN HOUSE WITH TOTEM POLES. See page 123.

and churches have been established here and there, and the natives are gradually being brought under the beneficial influences of Christianity. But here, as in the States, the missionary's greatest obstacle to success, after overcoming the diabolism of their *shamans* or medicine men, is the white man. Here, as there, promiscuous intercourse of the races has a most demoralizing effect on the natives. The Indian contracts all of the vices of the white man and acquires none of his virtues; and the only hope, apparently, of ever successfully educating and Christianizing him is to keep him isolated from those who should be his helpers, but who, in reality, are his destroyers.

Alaska belongs to the diocese of the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, of Victoria, B. C., who is

accomplished so much in this part of the world for the good of Education and Religion.

Whence come the people I have just been speaking of? is a question that every visitor to the country asks himself, time and again. Theories by the score have been propounded, but none of them seem to give a satisfactory answer to the question. One ethnologist, basing his speculations on their carvings and hieroglyphics, will tell you that they are the descendants of the Indians driven out of Mexico by Cortez, and who are said to have migrated to the North. Another, relying on a resemblance, real or fancied, discovered in the roots of certain words occurring in the languages spoken by the natives of the country and in those of the inhabitants of Japan or China, concludes that the

Alaskans, generations ago, came in some way or other from Japan or China. Still another, comparing the manners and customs and languages of the aborigines on either side of Behring's Straits, and bearing in mind the fact that there is at the present day constant intercourse between the inhabitants of the two continents, finds strong and seemingly conclusive reasons for believing that the Esquimaux, and all the tribes of the northern portion of the American continent, came directly from Asia by crossing the narrow channel that separates the Old from the New World. This theory certainly seems the simplest and most satisfactory, and will, I doubt not, eventually prove to be the true one.

The question of putting Alaska in telegraphic and railway communication with the rest of the world has often been discussed, and the erecting of a telegraph line was actually commenced twenty years ago. The Western Union Telegraph Company spent \$3,000,000 in reconnoitring some six thousand miles of country intervening between the southwestern corner of British Columbia and the Amoor River in southeastern Siberia, with a view of connecting by wire the United States with Asia and Europe. After, however, the demonstrated success of the Atlantic cable, about which electrical engineers before had grave doubts, the matter was dropped. Still the preliminary surveys showed the feasibility of erecting the line, although it would be difficult and expensive.

The question, too, of running a railroad from New York to St. Petersburg and London (*via* Behring's Straits) has likewise often been discussed. Now that the Canadian Pacific is nearly completed, it would not be such a difficult matter; the advocates of the scheme maintain, to continue the road to some point on Behring's Straits—Port Clarence, for instance—which could then be connected by ferry with the Asiatic side of the Straits. The road could then be prolonged through Siberia to the Amoor River, and thence carried on to connect with the road that the Russians are now building into their Asiatic possessions. It is one of the things, say the sanguine projectors of the road, that must be done sooner or later, as the lines of the world's travel and commerce will never be complete without it.

The objection raised about the difficulty of crossing Behring's Straits on account of icebergs does not seem to have any foundation in fact, as icebergs are never known to come so far south, being prevented by the strong inflowing current from the South Pacific towards the Arctic Ocean.

Will the road ever be more than a day-dream? From what is already known of the country which it is to traverse we cannot say that its construction would be impossible. Just now, however, there seems to be no special use for it; but if there were, and if it could be shown that it would pay good dividends, one would be safe, I think, in hazarding the prediction that the necessary capital and enterprise would not be long in forthcoming.

Ours is an age of surprises and wonders. Only a few decades ago nearly all our vast domain west of the Missouri was put down on the map as the

"Great American Desert." But, thanks to the enterprise and indomitable courage of our pioneers, this has been changed. What was for a long time regarded as useless waste land has been converted into the fairest and most productive portion of our great Republic; and where, not more than a few years ago, the only signs of human habitation were the wigwams of the savages of the plains, we now find the most attractive and prosperous cities of the Union. May not a similar change be wrought in this part of the world? Who knows? In our age of steam and electricity, it is almost rash to predicate anything as impossible to the genius of progress and civilization. What has been accomplished in the plains of the West, under many adverse circumstances, and what has been effected among the "Rockies" and the Sierras of the farther West, may reasonably be looked for here, where many of the difficulties which the advance guard of pioneers had to contend with are measurably less, and where some of the conditions of ultimate success are more propitious. In view of these facts, one will be safe, I think, in predicting that, at no distant future, Alaska will be a prized gem in Columbia's crown—a conspicuous star in the bright galaxy that constitutes the United States of America.

J. A. ZAHM.

Joseph Addison.

BY ROBERT GOODFELLOW.

This illustrious writer and excellent man, the eldest son of Launcelot Addison, was born on the first day of May, 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire County, England. His father was a divine of some repute, and at the time of Joseph's birth was rector of Milston, where he lived with his family. He was also considered an easy and a graceful writer, and towards the flower of his age wrote a few treatises on theological subjects.

"The scenes of Addison's childhood," says an author, "would be enough to impress any man, having an imagination like Joseph's, with the sense of the greatness and glory of God, although the love of natural scenery had not then reached the greatness it has attained in the nineteenth century." It is much to be regretted that we do not know more about so great a writer's childhood; of it little has been written. Steele said of the family:

"Mr. Dean Addison left behind him four children, each of whom, for excellent talents and singular perfections, was as far above the ordinary world as their brother Joseph was above them."

But we must not place too much reliance on this assertion, as Steele most probably was fascinated with Joseph's friendly ways, and forgot all else in the praise of Addison and those held dearest in his friend's affections.

Addison first commenced his career as a scholar at Amesbury, and here it was that an adventure, probably the first of his life, occurred. The tradition is, that having got into some mishap, and fear-

ing for the consequences, he ran away, seeking shelter in a hollow tree, where he maintained himself on berries, until found and brought back home. Another tale goes to tell that he was once the ring leader in a barring out.

Macauly, however, places little reliance in these stories, on the ground that if they be true, "by what moral discipline was so mutinous and enterprising a lad transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men?" His opinion might, for all that, be wrong, as time, coupled with experience, has changed, and can change, many like circumstances. We have, however, abundant proof that, whatever the youngster's pranks were at school, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully.

From Amesbury he soon passed to the Grammar School at Litchfield; thence to Charter House, managed by Dr. Ellis, a man of taste and scholarship. The latter school at that period was the best known—Westminster excepted—in the little isle. At Charter House, Addison received the first rudiments of that sound, classical taste which at a later date contributed so much to the essays of the *Spectator*. Special attention was given by him to Greek, although Macauly's opinion is that with him a knowledge of the Latin poets gained the ascendancy. In regard to the scholar's acquaintance with Greek, Macauly differs from Morley and many others by denouncing its perfection. He writes thus:

"His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was in his time thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away yearly from Eton and Rugby."

Whatever doubt there is as to his thorough knowledge of Greek, there exists none as to his perfect acquaintance with the Latin poets. Indeed, proficiency in the study and learning of Latin verse may, at least, be said to have laid the foundation of Addison's fortunes.

In the year 1687, at the early age of fifteen, our now classic scholar left Charter House, and was entered at Queen's College, Oxford. Macauly expresses his opinion as to Joseph's fitness for Oxford in the following words:

"He was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste and stock of learning that would have done honor to a 'Master of Arts.'"

Addison had not been many months at Oxford before some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, then Dean of Magdalene College, who was greatly pleased with the young student's diction and versification, and was anxious to serve a youth of such promise. An opportunity soon presented itself when a revolution broke out, causing many vacancies at Magdalene. Thus Lancaster found it easy to gain admittance for his young friend to the advantage of a foundation then considered the wealthiest in Europe.

When Addison left Oxford, he at once received a "Demyship" at Magdalene. He remained in this rank but a few years, when a more important position—that of a probationary fellow—was vacant and awaiting the acceptance of so enterprising a young man.

The time soon again rolled around when he took another step in his life as a collegian, and in 1693 he was elected "Actual Fellow." This title he retained until the year 1711, when he resigned the Fellowship.

Little is known, or, at least, little has been penned relating to his tastes, habits and friendships while at Oxford. Of his time at Magdalene more is known. It was here he particularly showed that shyness and reserve for which he was afterwards distinguished. His fellow-students knew him better by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that while at Magdalene he was noted for his ability and learning.

For many years afterwards the wise and learned doctors of the staff are said to have conversed, while together in their common room, of his boyish compositions. On these occasions many regrets were expressed that some of the many juvenile productions had not been preserved.

Addison's reputation as a writer soon became too great to be confined within the walls of the college. Little time had elapsed before his name forced itself into the great world of London letters. Both at Cambridge and Oxford we find his Latin poems to have been greatly and deservedly admired. And this admiration was entertained and manifested long before the name of Addison had been heard, or spoken of by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses around Drury Lane theatre.

Having reached the age of maturity, the fast-improving faculties of Addison tempted him to write his account of "The Greatest English Poets." And in his twenty-second year he ventured before the public as a writer of English verse.

In the year 1695 he took a step in life that turned him from a field—the Church—which, it has been proven, he at one time had an idea of entering. Although this occurred in 1695, he was not finally and firmly determined on his calling until 1699.

His first course of action was taken under the persuasion of Somers and Montague, who were men of great influence at this period. Under their direction, and at their request, he wrote his address to King William III—a poem which might as well have been thrown away, for the subject was a most unpoetical monarch.

Had Addison now followed his father's desires, he, in all probability, would have been recognized by posterity as a most diligent and successful laborer in the clerical field. His name would have also been coupled with far different objects than those with which it is now connected. For the benefit of society and letters he was brought under other influences, and these gave a different turn to his fortunes. Such being the case, we will follow him as he really is, that is through the paths and windings of a literary and political career; for in those times good literary skill was always rewarded by some political advancement.

It is to be understood here that literary geniuses were not looked upon by men of State with as much admiration as policy. The political sphere at this time was constantly stirred up by the nu-

merous controversies between the Whigs and Tories, who were then the parties contending for supreme authority. In such a state of affairs, with the press exerting a great control over public opinion, it is natural to conclude that the party having the best command of literary talent would soon show its superiority. Hence, it was with deep policy that Montague and Somers—two eminent leaders of the Whigs—offered Addison, in 1699, a pension of £300 a year if he would prepare himself for after-service by travelling.

In political opinions Addison was at that early date what he always was, a firm, though moderate, Whig. The wish of his friends was to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. An intimate knowledge of the French language was an indispensable qualification of a diplomatist. Addison had not as yet acquired this qualification, and for this reason he steered for the continent, there to spend some time in preparation for official employment.

It is not necessary for us to follow him through all the windings of his travels; but sufficient is it for us to know that he was greatly benefited by them. In many of his essays in the *Spectator* one may readily see how the incidents and facts of his travels have been naturally and carefully worked into them.

We have an excellent example of Addison's gratitude and attachment for one who, even though it was through a motive of self-interest, had done him some signal favor. While away, he wrote to his benefactor, or to the person who gave the pension, in these words: "The only return I can make to your lordship will be to apply myself entirely to my business;" and this he did with determination.

The accession of King William III, in 1702, deprived him of his pension, and he returned shortly after to England, having heard, while at Amsterdam, the news of his father's death. He grieved over the death of his parent with sincerity, but always exhibited that dignified patience and quiet reserve that made his character so estimable.

While in London, and very poor in purse, he was sought for and found by Godolphin, who, having been directed by Marlborough, came to find one competent to render a description of Blenheim in verse. Addison readily undertook the task, and was soon deeply interested in his work. He showed it to the ministers, who went into raptures over it, and from this moment the career of Addison was a brilliant one. The successful composer was at once appointed to a commissionship, and, curious to say, when the "Campaign" was published it was received by the public with as much enthusiasm as had been shown by the ministers.

It is easily observed how much Addison had improved, by comparing his address to the king with his poem of the "Campaign." After being commissioner he passed from one office to another, sometimes meeting with drawbacks, until the year 1717, when he reached the pinnacle of his political career. It was in this year that he was made Secretary of State, a position which he filled in such a manner as to leave not a shadow of reproach upon

his conduct. He appears to have fulfilled all the functions of his office so that they corresponded to his excellent conception of public duty, as developed in one of his editions of the *Spectator*.

It is unnecessary for us to look back and examine the different causes and effects of his various struggles in politics; let us now examine some of his friendships with other writers of his age. The first we notice is his connection with Steele, in a literary way, and we find it to have been occasioned by the fact that he, with all the kindness of his nature, offered and gave his assistance to Steele in the composition of "The Tender Husband." The friendship which was thus contracted existed between the writers for many a day.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Excelsior!

Multa confeci, facienda plura
Sunt adhuc; primo tamen hic sub umbra
Otium paulo capiam, brevique
Dulce quiescam.

Ast quid? O quam stultus ego! Quietis
Est nihil nobis; stare non licet, sed
Semper (urgens lex) ire firmiterque
Prorsus oportet.

R. A. KELLY

Perseverance.

As we look around us and see the vast masses of commercial life which, like a deluge of seething, irresistible waters, are pressing on towards the respective oceans of either success or misfortune, we are, indeed, sorrowfully impressed with the contrast that is presented. The majority are plodding wearily onward; with downcast eyes and in silence they move on their painful way. Occasionally they raise their languid eyes to the lofty, though glorious, heights above; but it is only to lower them again; for, to their jaded and disconsolate energies, those heights seem inaccessible. They resume once more their journey—whither, they know not, nor do they care. So it is in life every day; reverses and misfortunes—perhaps not more than the ordinary lot of man—cross some one's path; he struggles against them for a while, and in a certain listless manner endeavors to overcome the unwonted spirit, which is rapidly drawing him into its thralldom, and seeks to regain the halcyon boon of old; but, alas! his strength is not equal to the task; his attempts are but futile; he totters, he falls,—like the flower of the forest which is blighted and gone before the first frosts of autumn.

Again, scattered among these frail and apparently useless beings, we perceive some that appear to have battled the storms of many a winter; for that *something*—we know not what—is too indelibly impressed on their brows to be mistaken. These men are truly the loyal sons of success who

have been knocked about on the stage of Life; whose only pleasure seems to have been disappointments and embarrassments; to whom this world seemed but one vast panorama of discouragements and tribulations, and yet they do not succumb;—nay, they are of a different stamp: like the veteran warriors of old, although grim with the scars of many battles, the heart is as staunch, and even stauncher, than ever. They look aloft at their goal; their resolve is fixed; they approach the bottom, they have gained the top! Thus it is that the world's mightiest men are those who braved countless dangers and overcame the most insurmountable obstacles; who have suffered nothing to block their way, but have advanced in an undeviating course, swerving neither to the right nor to the left.

Take Lincoln, for example, who, although brought up in the wilds of the then Far West, who, for his bread, chopped the trees of the forests, endured the deepest of privations, and entertained the most discouraging prospects, merited, by his untiring efforts, the loftiest office the Nation can bestow.

Again, full well is the truth of the old adage, "Try, try again," illustrated in the case of Robert Bruce, the foundation of all whose successes rested chiefly in his having watched a spider—the sole companion of his prison days—endeavoring to spin a web from the top of his cell, and, having failed nine times successively, finally accomplished the end. Surely, if an inferior creature, even the lowest of the animal creation, is possessed of such innate sagacity of knowing what is required of him, should not man, a being so far superior in every respect, blush for shame and deplore his seeming utter insignificance?

Although we may not all add as great a lustre to our names as these, nevertheless, we are not aware what things we are capable of doing. A certain strength and tenacity of will is inherent in every man—of course, in a greater or less degree. A person possessing it in abundance, in many ways may abuse and, in consequence, enervate it; in as many ways may one who, deficient in it, cultivate it to a wonderful extent.

School is the moulder of our mind and character, and here we first imbibe of the eternal fountains of learning, and engender those principles of mind and soul which are to carry us through life. Above all, it is here we are put to the test, and obliged, so to speak, to run the gauntlet of college life; and if we are persistent, we shall eventually acquire that indomitable perseverance which will undoubtedly lead us to the goal we desire. In our studies especially we should not be discouraged and cast down by trifles. If we cannot get a lesson at first, we should try it over and over again; and if no result is arrived at, only then should we seek assistance. For as sure as we let one lesson pass, we shall let another and another, until finally, almost unconsciously, we will acquire the pernicious habit of negligence, which is but a sure road to discouragement. Again, when we have taken a certain study we should not give it up simply because it is too difficult, or take something more

congenial to our taste; for this is just as much sneaking away and acting the coward as if a person on the field of battle were to run behind a tree to escape the conflict; and a person that would do the one would be very likely to do the other.

Thus it is that so many persons fail in life; while young, they acquire the habit of avoiding the difficulties which they meet, and taking to something easier; so, in like manner, having engaged in some business suitable to their tastes, they leave it for one more attractive or genteel, and in the end fail altogether. Do not brood over your troubles if you have not a facility for learning, but strive to overcome your want of aptness by hard study. Surely, if the hardest stone is worn by such a soft substance as water, your mind, which is a thousand times less reluctant, will open its portals to the treasures of genius by constant knocking.

So with everything else; never be disheartened or cast down; when you have begun, never turn back, nor look over your shoulder, but march straight on. Let nothing be an obstacle to you; look on the bright side of everything; and in the end you will have become even more formidable than Achilles, whose only vulnerable part was the heel of his foot. And when, on leaving college, you stand for the first time on the outskirts of this earthly battle-field, contemplating the scene that lies before you, do not hesitate for an instant over the struggles that are awaiting you, or the chances of your winning, but, without hesitation or dismay, plunge into the thickest and the hottest of the fight!—

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

C. CROWE.

A Walk in the Country.

If you wish to enjoy a walk in the country, rise some morning about five o'clock; if the air is what city people call "chilly," don't bundle yourself in an overcoat and wraps, but go out in your summer clothes so that you will derive some benefit from the cool and bracing atmosphere.

How happy you feel, as you walk along, gazing upon the beauties of nature that surround you! Here and there a bird that has uncovered its head breaks out into a tuneful melody; and the flowers that have been drooping under the weight of dew shake off their load, and, looking up, cast their fragrance on the morning air.

The sun, now rising, makes the moisture upon the trees look as if some fairy had passed and bedecked them with diamonds.

If you are in Nebraska, or some one of those western States, the festive little grasshopper, that was obliged to rest on account of the darkness, will remind you, as he hops around, that crops in his vicinity will be poor.

You return after your walk with a good appetite, and benefited both in body and mind.

JNO. J. HAMLYN.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 7, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—We have received a copy of the "Proceedings of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, Issued from the Fifteenth Annual Convention Held at New Haven, Conn., August 5th and 6th, 1885." As already noted in these columns, the Convention was a gratifying success, both in point of the numbers in attendance as well as by reason of the encouraging reports presented of the great good accomplished by the various organizations and the Union in general. The report of the Secretary shows that there are now on the roll of the Union 638 societies, with a membership of 41,988—an increase of 2,097 for the year passed. It was also reported that the Fathers of the Plenary Council had taken suitable action on the memorial presented to the Council from the Union. The words of the bishops would be known in detail when the decrees of the Council are published, but the committee were able to state that they were such as to encourage and aid the Association in its good work. It was also decided, as is well known, that the next Convention would be held here at Notre Dame, on Aug. 4th, 1886. Needless to say that Notre Dame, as she has already shown herself active and zealous in the grand cause of Total Ab-

stinence, will leave nothing undone to assist the delegates in the furtherance of their deliberations, and aid in making their action as effective and extensive as possible.

—Students, when entering college, have certain objects in view; but it would seem that comparatively few have closely mapped out the course, or settled on the special means, by which that object could best be secured. They trusted, perhaps, too much to circumstances and the Prefect of Studies for guidance in the choice of means. Others who, perhaps, had adopted some special and settled plan of procedure, may not have trusted enough to circumstances and the experienced direction of the Prefect of Studies for such modifications as would make their plans most effective. Both of these classes have evidently made a mistake. If they wish to build solidly as they go, they must have a definite and well-settled plan to begin with, and it must be evident to anyone of common sense, who takes time to think and to weigh matters in a proper scale, that the advice of experienced educators and directors of youth are not to be slighted with impunity. What would suit one will not suit another; all have not the same weak points to strengthen, or the same faults to amend, and it stands to reason that the inexperienced student is not always the best judge in matters that closely concern his solid progress in study and his future welfare. This will soon become evident in the class-room, and especially at the end of the first month or two, to every thoughtful and disinterested observer. If the student and director have not hitherto worked together—if every misstep and every weak point have not been closely watched, and proper means taken to secure better results in the future, disastrous failure must be the consequence.

—"The true end of education, of whatever kind, we must set steadily before us. There are some who wish to know that they may know: this is base curiosity. There are some who wish to know that they may be known: this is base vanity. There are some who wish to sell their knowledge: this is base covetousness. There are some who wish to know that they may edify: this is charity; and those who wish to be edified, and this is heavenly prudence. The object of education is that we learn to see and know God here, and glorify Him in heaven hereafter." Such are the closing words of Archdeacon Farrar's discourse at the Opera House in Baltimore on the opening of the tenth annual session of the Johns Hopkins University, which a writer in the *Christian Union* describes as "an earnest call to students to see beyond the mere knowledge and cultivation that Greek or Latin, physics or mathematics can give them," and the "vast region of usefulness that all study opens to the student." The advice is good, and should be treasured by the student; but the words, so clear and emphatic, are not—with the

exception of the last sentence—those of Canon Farrar. A writer in the *Catholic Review* credits them to their genuine author, the great St. Bernard of Citeaux, who, centuries ago, gave the entire passage, almost word for word, in his thirty-sixth "Sermon on the Canticles of Solomon." They have been simply borrowed without credit by the great English Church champion, but they are none the less true, and the closing sentence is eminently so. In the original they are as follows:

"Sunt qui scire volunt, eo fine tantum ut sciant, et turpis curiositas est:
Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantur ipsi, et turpis vanitas est:
Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam vendant, et turpis quæstus est:
Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt, ut ædificent, et charitas est:
Et item qui scire volunt, ut ædificentur, et prudentia est."

Knowledge should not be sought entirely for itself, entirely for the admiration it may call forth, entirely for the emoluments it may procure. All knowledge comes from God, and all good must be referred to its source. The efforts of the student to acquire knowledge are praiseworthy, and the emoluments and honors resulting from it can be legitimately enjoyed; but the source whence it is derived should never be entirely ignored. This would be ingratitude, and ingratitude is one of the most despicable of traits, held in abhorrence by all men.

Survival of the Fittest.

November is not suspected of offering much homage to Flora; but, nevertheless, there are more species in bloom in the first week of this month than in the first week of April. One flower, at least—the chrysanthemum—with its gold and silver blossoms and stimulating absinthine fragrance, belongs especially to this season, and it never appears to better advantage than when the first snow-wreaths are lying upon its abundant, unnipped foliage. Among wild-flowers, the witch hazel, covering its leafless twigs with lemon-colored bloom, and the fringed gentian, poetically famed, may be also referred to this time of year. But most of the other blossoms found have a bedraggled, world-weary look, stragglers left behind when the army of autumnal bloom departed from the earth. Except the little pansy—not the florist's pansy, but the uncultivated, wild-running pansy which has been found placidly and contentedly blooming—bobbing up serenely, I might say; through every one of the winter months—December, January, February, March—and the last was the worst of all. It is true the winter was a remarkably mild one.

The following list of plants which have been found in blossom in the open air since the rigor of the late "squaw winter" is the result, not of painful research, but of casual observation. Many others, the gentian, for instance, might have been found, had the writer had time to visit their haunts:

INDIGENOUS.

Aster cordifolius.....Heart-leaved aster

Erechtites hieracifolia.....Fireweed
Hamamelis Virginica.....Witch Hazel
Lepidium Virginicum.....Wild Peppergrass
Lonicera sempervirens.....Trumpet honeysuckle
Nasturtium palustre.....Marsh cress
Potentilla Norvegica.....Norway potentil
Potentilla Canadensis.....Common cinquefoil
Rudbeckia hirta.....Cone flower
Sisymbrium officinale.....Hedge-mustard
Taraxacum dens-leonis.....Dandelion
Trifolium repens.....White clover
Viola cucullata.....Common blue violet

ADVENTIVE FROM EUROPE.

Achillea Millefolium.....Yarrow
Capsella Bursa-pastoris.....Shepherd's purse
Linaria vulgaris.....Toadflax
Malva rotundifolia.....Common mallow
Maruta cotula.....May weed
Stellaria media.....Chickweed
Trifolium pratense.....Red clover
Viola tricolor.....Pansy

GARDEN FLOWERS.

Alyssum maritimum.....Sweet alyssum
Anthemis nobilis.....Chamomile
Antirrhinum majus.....Snapdragon
Callistephus Chinensis.....China aster
Chrysanthemum Sinense.....Chrysanthemum
Dahlia variabilis.....Dahlia
Dianthus Chinensis.....Chinese pink
Funkia ovata.....Japanese Day-lily
Helichrysum macranthum.....Everlasting
Leucanthemum parthenium.....Feverfew
Lobelia coelestina.....Blue lobelia
Matthiola incana.....Stock gillyflower
Pelargonium Fothergillii.....Scarlet geranium
Petunia nyctaginiflora.....White petunia
Petunia violacea.....Purple petunia
Phlox paniculata.....Perennial phlox
Portulaca grandiflora.....Portulaca
Tagetes florida.....Mexican marigold
Tagetes patula.....French marigold

In April, 1883, being engaged in teaching Botany, I find that I recorded thirty-five plants in bloom as the result of my researches to the end of the month,—and among these were what none but a botanist would call flowers, the catkins of the willow, poplar and other trees. Compare the above forty species, found without effort, and the balance of floridity would appear to be decidedly in favor of November. 1883 was a very late spring, however; and, moreover, the abundant and energetic display of vegetative vitality in the spring-time is a far more pleasing and impressive pageant than that of the scattered and fading remnants of the dying year.

It is due to the zeal and care of our gardeners to state that the geranium found in bloom was not one left out in the cold by any neglect of theirs. It was found in a graveyard, planted there by some loving hand, evidently with more thought of the virtues of the departed than of the value of the specimen.

Attention should be given to the large number of these late-blooming and hence vigorous plants that are *not* indigenous. And even of those I have marked as indigenous, there are three or four as common in Europe as here, so that their origin is questionable. Foreign plants and animals, like foreign races, seem better adapted than the native to endure the rigors of the American climate.

FLORENTIUS.

[From the "Catholic Review."]

The Reckless Skepticism of Modern Scientists.

One of the most timely publications of the hour is a lecture by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Professor of Physical Science in Notre Dame University; on "The Catholic Church and Science." It is a striking comment of the uncertainty of Science, popularly so called, and the reckless audacity of those who profess to teach it. Modern scientists presume to reject Revelation, and even deny God on what they call scientific principles. They insist that there is an irreconcilable hostility between the teaching of Revelation and the conclusions of science. What is the answer to this formidable charge? Why, simply this: that wherever a principle of science has been indisputably established that seemed to conflict with the teaching of the Church it is shown, conclusively, that the Church had not taught anything contradictory to it; and wherever a so-called conclusion of science seemed to conflict with an acknowledged dogma of the Church it was shown that the so-called conclusion of science was not an absolute truth, but a conjecture, a mere theory—it may be a very plausible theory, but still a theory which no amount of reasoning or discussion can ever establish on a firm and lasting basis. Yet these self-styled scientists argue with an assumed infallibility—which ill becomes real students of science, always distinguished for their modesty—against everything supernatural. Indeed, the recklessness with which some of them aim at the complete overthrow of the popular faith in the supernatural teaching of Christianity could be justified only by the absolute possession of the infallibility which they so confidently and persistently assume. Certainly, it can in no manner be justified by the speculative theories and assumptions founded upon assumptions upon which they rely in their assaults upon the citadel of faith. It is, when you come to think of it seriously, a tremendous responsibility for any man, or any set of men, to undertake the destruction of that venerable Faith which for so many ages has entered into the life and illumined the path of so great a portion of the human race, and which, at the present time, constitutes the very foundation of morality and good order in society; and it is with the utmost amazement that we pass in review such a condensed and comprehensive statement as that of Professor Zahm, of the numerous and utterly groundless and impertinent assumptions with which it is sought to accomplish this, shall we say nefarious?—work. For instance, they labor to prove that the age of the world is greater than the Bible represents it to be. But neither the Bible nor the Church, as Professor Zahm very properly remarks, say anything about the matter. The Bible simply says: "In the *beginning* God created heaven and earth;" but *when* that beginning was it nowhere undertakes to define. As to the geological argument which is supposed to militate against the six days of creation as described in the Bible, the Professor shows, not only that the Hebrew word,

translated *day*, means an indefinite period, but that that interpretation is not new in the Church. Even the great St. Augustine, in the fourth century, inclined to that interpretation, and in this opinion he is followed by the great theologians of the Middle Ages, St. Thomas and others.

As for the anti-theistic doctrine of the evolution—that assumption that rests upon so many other assumptions—Prof. Zahm follows that corypheus of science, that late Professor Agassiz, and declares, emphatically, that "not a single fact in the whole range of natural science can be adduced favoring the truth of the transmutation of species; not a single instance can be cited of a single species, whether plant or animal, that has ever, either through the agency of natural causes or by the artifice of man, been changed into another species. Certainly, whatever may be said of lower forms of life, even at their best, between them and man, even at his worst, there is an impassable chasm." As to the theory of evolution as applied to man himself, Professor Zahm very properly remarks that it cannot be applied to his soul—that is the result of the immediate *fiat* of the Almighty. But as applied to the body, he quotes the authority of the distinguished naturalist and philosopher, St. George Mivart, in favor of it, and remarks that he is not prepared to say that his position has been proven by theologians to be untenable. Indeed, St. Augustine, when speaking of the creation of animals and plants, repeats, time and again, his belief that they were brought into existence by the operation of natural causes. "The hypothesis," he says, "may be rash and even dangerous; but I do not think that, considering it simply in its bearing on dogma, any one could pronounce it as certainly and positively false. But—and this is important to bear in mind—it is at most a matter of mere speculation, and such it will always probably remain."

It would be impossible, in the compass of a single editorial, to follow the learned Professor in his interesting discussion of the questions of the unity of the human race and the antiquity of man, which have been forced by these same scientists, falsely so called, to do duty as anti-Catholic and anti-Christian witnesses. Suffice it that the wide divergence and hopeless disagreement among them on these subjects is the best evidence of their suppositious and, therefore, totally unreliable character. No two of them, in any given instance, ever arrive at the same conclusion as the result of their investigation. One learned professor fixes the life period of the earth at 300,000,000 years; while others, equally learned and distinguished, insist that it cannot be above 10,000,000, or 15,000,000 at the most. As far as the Church is concerned, the antiquity of man is an open question. She has never pronounced upon the subject, but, as in many similar instances, has left it to be decided by learned men, according to the data afforded by chronological investigations. It is all very fine, no doubt, for these brilliant writers, who are much more at home in science than in metaphysics or theology, to amuse themselves in not only going without

religion themselves, but in travelling out of their sphere to attack the foundations of popular faith. But, for our part, we believe, with James Russell Lowell, that the worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and that "any form of Christianity is infinitely preferable to the most approved form of polite and polished skepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God, and leave them to die without hope."

Books and Periodicals.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN NORTHERN EUROPE. By Charles A. Sumner. With Views, Portraits, Maps, and Plans, Engraved Expressly for this Book by A. L. Rawson. New York: Andrew J. Graham, 744 Broadway. 1886. 385 pages. Price, \$2.

On the Pacific coast, where Mr. Sumner was well known as a newspaper reporter previous to his election to the United States House of Representatives, the title-page alone of this new book of travels might suffice. From the brief glance we have been able to give its contents, the book seems to be a compilation of notes of travel—chiefly in Sweden, with a few supplementary chapters on Denmark, a glance at Berlin, and some notes on Dresden, Cologne and Paris—evidently written for an American newspaper. The two hundred pages devoted to Sweden give a very minute description of the country, its manners, customs, and public institutions. Swedish cookery receives marked attention, and the schools for culinary art and general housekeeping are held up as worthy of imitation by the "wise men and women of American parentage and Yankee, pie-eating appetites." Mr. Sumner himself is a New Englander, or descended from a New England family; but his American training and tastes do not prevent a warm admiration for what seems worthy of imitation abroad,—rigidly excluding, it would seem, anything and everything pertaining to Old England. We cannot speak in praise of the illustrations in the book, though some of these are fairly good; nor of the literary style of the work, which is rather loose and newspaperish; still we have no doubt the book will be read with interest by many who are eager to see foreign countries—and Sweden especially—through the spectacles of an observant traveller.

—*St. Nicholas* for November is the first number of the new volume, and opens with the first chapter of a new serial story by Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and relates the experiences of a little New York lad who suddenly finds himself heir to large estates and a title in England. There is also the first installment of a series of "New Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by Helen Jackson (H. H.), written

especially for *St. Nicholas*. "A November Evening," the beautiful frontispiece by Mary Hallock Foote, with the accompanying verses by Celia Thaxter, remind us that Thanksgiving Day is at hand; and Sophie Swett, in "Barty's Turkey," gives a very amusing account of one. The paper on "Home-made Christmas Gifts" appears in time to set many fingers busily working for the next two months. Frank R. Stockton continues his entertaining "Personally Conducted" papers with an account of "Great Rome Again." Besides the foregoing there are contributions, literary and pictorial, by Malcolm Douglas, Dora Read Goodale, Helen Gray Cone, W. H. Overend, Reginald B. Birch, Jessie Curtis Shepherd, A. E. Sterner, and others.

—In the November number of *The Century*, beginning the thirty-first volume of the magazine, special stress is laid on the fiction, which includes three short stories and parts of two serials. Of the former, "A Cloud on the Mountain," by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, is a stirring romance of Idaho ranch life; a full-page drawing, by the author, to illustrate the story is the frontispiece of the number, and is engraved by Mr. T. Cole, who is now working in Italy for *The Century*; "A Story of Seven Devils" is one of Mr. Stockton's characteristic tales of humor and ingenuity; and "The Mystery of Wilhelm Rütter," by the late Helen Jackson (H. H.), is a tragic romance, the scene of which is laid among the Pennsylvania Dutch. Mr. James's "Bostonians" is continued. The new serial is Mrs. Foote's mining story, "John Bodewin's Testimony," the opening chapters of which give promise of a novel surpassing in interest the same writer's romance of "The Led-Horse Claim." In "A Photographer's Visit to Petra," which opens the magazine, Edward L. Wilson contributes a narrative of his daring journey to the decayed city of Petra, and of his adventures with the Arabs; and Thomas W. Ludlow introduces the paper with a short historical account. Edmund Gosse contributes a second illustrated paper on "Living English Sculptors," his first article on the subject having appeared in *The Century* for June, 1883. Several fine illustrations accompany the paper on "Setters," in the "Typical Dogs" series, there being in this number six short articles by as many writers. General Grant's paper, describing the campaign and battle of "Chattanooga," is a feature of the number which will excite world-wide interest. With it is given a full-page portrait of General Grant, from a photograph taken at Mount McGregor; and two fac-simile pages of a part of one of his letters to Dr. Douglas. In "Memoranda of the Civil War," General William F. Smith has a short article entitled "Was Chattanooga Fought as Planned?" A fine full-page engraving of Robert Koehler's painting, "The Socialist," accompanies a striking essay on socialism by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "Danger Ahead." Edward Everett Hale describes the work of "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." Questions of interest are discussed in "Topics of the Time" and "Open Letters."

In Memoriam.

JOHN BOLAND.

On the receipt of the news of the sad accident which caused the death of John Boland, brother of Rev. P. Boland, of Minnesota, the students of Notre Dame University from that State, who were intimate friends of the deceased, met together and adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from his relatives and friends John Boland, who was drowned near Minneapolis, Minnesota; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in him we have lost a friend whose manly disposition and uprightness of character made his friendship most precious to all whose good fortune numbered them in his circle of acquaintances. With a melancholy pleasure we now recall his exemplary conduct, and the uniform excellence of his life as a Christian.

RESOLVED, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrow-stricken relatives and friends, from whom an all-just Providence has seen fit to take the fast-maturing promise of a good and virtuous man. Their loss is his gain. He is spared the trials and sorrows which are the lot of every man as he passes through this life of tribulations, and this must be the solace of his relatives and near friends.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and also to our college paper, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

D. BURNS, }
J. M. RAHILLY, } Committee.
E. J. DARRAGH, }

Local Items.

—Speed the dynamo!

—'Rah for New York!

—New Minims are still arriving.

—The 26th is Thanksgiving Day.

—The dynamometer registers sixteen candle power.

—Our friend John got on the "Roll of Honor" this week!

—Oscar has ordered his sled in anticipation of a snow storm.

—The first snow of the season came on the night of Oct. 31.

—It has to be a very cold day when the Juniors get left—and so it was.

—The scaffolding has been taken down from the interior of the church.

—The monthly bulletins were read in the study-halls on Wednesday evening.

—The Euglossians have begun to prepare for the celebration of St. Cecilia's Day.

—Work while you work, and play while you play,
That is the way to be happy and gay.

—Look out for the *Scholastic Annual*. The Astrological Predictions are immense!

—It is rumored that the unsightly boxes in the yard back of the College will soon be removed.

—Master Sherman Steele, of Lancaster, Ohio,

entered as a student of the Minim department on Thursday.

—The Rev. J. B. Cotter, of Winona, Minn., will lecture before the students next Tuesday evening, the 10th inst.

—"A Critical Analysis of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar" is the subject of one of the essays in competition for the Collegiate Medal.

—A box of fruits and flowers from St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, is gratefully acknowledged by the inmates of St. Edward's Hall.

—One of the Minims is reported as returning three suits of clothes which had become too small after a six weeks' residence at Notre Dame.

—We have been informed that the opening of the St. Aloysius' Preparatory Theological Seminary will take place during the coming week.

—A portrait in oil of Bishop Concannon, the first Bishop of New York, has been completed by Signor Gregori, and placed in Bishops' Corridor.

—The double windows are being put up on the College. We may therefore expect a month or two of very fine weather. It will be welcome all the same.

—The photographs of St. Edward's Hall, which were taken on the 13th of October, are very fine. The Princes look to the best advantage grouped in front of the building.

—The current number of *The Ave Maria* contains a beautiful portrait of St. Stanislaus Kotska, with an interesting account of a remarkable apparition of the Saint in England.

—An excellent notice of "A Troubled Heart; and How it was Comforted at Last"—a work written by one well known at Notre Dame, and published by Prof. Lyons—appears in the current number of the *Catholic Review*.

—The Mineralogical Laboratory has been fitted up with all the necessary appliances, including a complete blowpipe outfit for each student. The next move will be the furnishing of the metallurgical laboratory, and this will be accomplished in a short time.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: Rev. Dr. Howley, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Bauer, Miss Ida Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Mrs. W.W. Cleary, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. N. G. Davis, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, La Porte, Ind.; Jacob Scherrer, Denver, Col.

—The following names for the "List of Excellence" were handed in too late for insertion in their proper place: Algebra—Messrs. Ewing, P. Wagoner, Hamlyn; Calculus—Messrs. Courtney, C. Rothert; Physics—C. Rothert; Chemistry—C. Rothert, A. Ancheta; Zoölogy—A. Ancheta.

—If the party who appropriates for his own use papers and magazines procured for the reading-room is actuated by a literary motive, it would be advisable for him to patronize the Library. But if he has in view his commercial interests, it would be well to call a halt on such actions.

—The fine "Babcock" inexplosive steam boiler,

lately secured for Science Hall, arrived last Friday, and has been placed in position. It will be used to run the machinery of Science Hall, and at the same time furnish steam for the building and Music Hall and the Gymnasium adjacent.

—The "Prodigal's" return was celebrated by a bounteous feast, last Thursday, by the members of the "Count's" table. Two large turkeys, with the other viands and delicacies of the season, made a palatable feast. In return for this treat, the "prodigal" promises opossum and "sweet taters" in the near future.

—As you enter Father Maher's office, turn a little to the right, and you will see suspended against the wall a box, rather useful than ornamental, which serves a very practical purpose, inasmuch as it will carefully preserve your valuable contributions to the SCHOLASTIC; in other words, don't forget to send us items.

—An exchange reports the following conversation between a college freshman and the Proprietor of a sporting goods house:

FRESHMAN:—H'm! do you keep baseball literature?

PROPRIETOR:—Oh, yes: everything ever written.

FRESHMAN:—Well, you might give me a copy of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

—Mr. John R. Markel, Western Manager of the Edison Company for Isolated Lighting, was among the visitors during the week. He made some improvements on the new electric plant by which the speed of the dynamo was increased from 1350 to 1600 revolutions a minute, and as a consequence the light is made more brilliant.

—Next Thursday—the 12th inst.—is the eleventh anniversary of the death of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, the first manager of the SCHOLASTIC, and the founder of several of the literary and dramatic societies of the College. He also held the position of Vice-President of the University for a number of years, and at the time of his death was Editor of *The Ave Maria*.

—Mr. W. J. Willson, of the Edison Incandescent Electric Light Company, who for some weeks has been superintending the preparations for lighting the College study-halls, is now at work on an improved electric crown to replace the one which hitherto adorned the statue on the dome, and an arrangement, in accordance with the designs of Sig. Gregori, for lighting the crescent under the feet of the statue. Mr. Willson is a thorough practical workman in this line of business, and we have no doubt that the result of his preparations will be effective and brilliant.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, of Notre Dame, delivered a lecture on Total Abstinence, last Sunday evening, before an immense audience at Peru, Ind. At the close of the lecture, the St. Patrick's T. A. B. Society, numbering eighty-two members, renewed their pledge. Father Cooney has been ill for the past three months, and his health is still poor; but when he is in the pulpit he is the old soldier again, and wields the sword of his eloquence with crushing power, right and left. This temperance lecture was second to none of the many we have

heard in the past twenty years.—*New Record* (Indianapolis).

—A Senior became so enthusiastic over the result of the baseball game between the Juniors and Seniors that he broke forth into the following refrain:

The old bell is ringing, fall in while it calls;
Away from the campus with bats and with balls!
The enemy's conquered, the victory's here;
Three cheers for the Seniors; yes, cheer upon cheer!

No more will we mourn o'er a battle gone wrong;
We'll rattle the Juniors, no matter how strong.
The "Grays" and the "Reds" shall forever abide,
While N. D. U's praises are sung far and wide.

—The third regular meeting of the Philodemic Association was held Oct. 24th, Prof. W. Hoynes presiding. After the reading of the minutes, the following were elected to membership: Messrs. Cartier, Becker, Rothert, O'Donnell, Waggoner and Redmond. The question, "Resolved, that the Adoption of Civil Service Reform would be Promotive of the Public Good," was then discussed. The affirmative was supported by P. J. Goulding and F. H. Dexter, the negative by M. Burns and A. Jones. While the arguments on both sides in general were good, M. Burns deserves especial credit, as it was largely through his efforts that the decision was gained for the negative. J. Kleiber delivered a declamation, and F. H. Dexter brought down the house with his "Missouri River Mule."

—A writer in the *Sendbote*, speaking of Prof. Lyons's "American Elocutionist and Dramatic Reader," says: "We believe that we do a service to our readers in Catholic educational institutions by calling their attention to this book. That it is of genuine merit is shown by the fact that in twelve years it has gone through seven editions. The first part contains valuable suggestions to the young orator on the management of the voice, and gives illustrations of the difficult art of conversation by gestures. The choice of pieces for reading and declamation in the second part is classical, and, at the same time, permeated by the Catholic spirit; whilst it pays due attention to the most prominent Catholic speakers and writers of this country. The manner in which the book is gotten up does credit to the publishers."

—An exciting game of baseball was played on the 3d inst., between the "Universities," of the Seniors, and the "Reds," of the Juniors. During the first three innings the Juniors had everything their own way. In the fourth, Chapin led off with a sharp base hit, followed by Combe and Browne with a single each, and, aided by several errors, the "Universities" scored five runs. From this time forward the "Universities" maintained their lead up to the end of the eighth inning, when the game was called on account of darkness. Owing to the cold, many errors were made on both sides. Combe and Cartier did fine work behind the bat. In the fifth, Fehr made a difficult running catch. The following is the score:

INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
UNIVERSITIES:—	0	0	1	5	6	1	5	4=22
REDS:—	5	1	2	0	0	0	1	5=14

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Bolton, Becerra, Bowles, Burns, Byrnes, Baca, Becker, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crilly, Cartier, Cusack, F. Combe, Dohany, Dempsey, Davis, De Haven, Dexter, Dolan, Finlay, Forbes, Ford, A. A. Gordon, Gallardo, A. Gordon, Goulding, Glenn, Hamlyn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Hagenbarth, Harris, Harrison, L. Howard, Hutchison, W. Holden, A. Jones, A. Judie, Jackson, Jess, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, Kegel, Kleiber, Latshaw, H. Long, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, Martinez, B. Morrison,* Murphy, Hausberg, Mathers, McCartney, Murdock, McErlain, McGuire, Miller, Neill, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rodriguez, Redmond, E. Ryan, T. Ryan, Snapp, Shaide, Sheridan, Stickney, Soden, Triplett, Voorhees, W. Williams, White, Wiley, Wagoner, Woodbridge, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, D. Ackerman, H. Ackerman, Arts, Akin, Berry, Benson, J. Benes, O. Benes, Bodley, Brabrook, Baur, Blakeslee, Boos, Bowles, F. Benner, Bunker, Borgschulze, Bacigulpo, E. Benner, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, Cummings, Cain, Cleary, Cooper, Chute, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Clarke, Coles, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Gordon, Hoffman, Holman, Houston, Hasson, Hayes, A. Hake, T. Hake, Houlihan, Harris, Hoyer, Inderrieden, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Joyce, Klaner, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Luther, Long, McKendry, McCourt, Muessel, McConn, Meehan, McVeigh, Mueller, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, McNamara, Nealis, L. Newton, R. Newton, Noud, Nussbaum, Nester, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Preston, Regan, Ratighan, Redlich, A. Ruffing, C. Ruffing, Robinson, Rose, F. Smith, S. Smith, L. Smith, N. Smith, Short, Shields, Senn, Scherrer, Servis, Sandoval, Stattman, Spencer, Steele, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, Talbot, Thurston, Towner, Tarrant, Vandercar, Warner, Walsh, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson, West, Dougherty.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bailey, Bull, Ciaroschi, E. Connors, J. Connors, Chute, Cobbs, Crotty, Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, Dewald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Garber, E. Garber, Griffin, Grant, Haney, Healy, Holway, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Keffe, Kellner, Klaner, Mainzer, Moncada, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, McNulty, Murphy, Mason, Mooney, Monroe, Nester, Nussbaum, C. Nealis, B. Nealis, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlin, Riordan, Stone, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, A. Smart, W. Smart, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Tillenburg, F. Titus, Williamson, Wormer.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Crowe, Hull, Stubbs, Congdon, Becker; Greek—Messrs. Brownson, Goebel, Sheridan, Stubbs; Logic—A. Ancheta; English Composition—Messrs. C. Ruffing, Goebel, Darragh, Houck, Chapin, F. Long, Houlihan, Myers, Burns; Criticism—F. Dexter; Algebra—Messrs. Hagerty, F. Long, Myers, C. Jacobs, Holman; Geometry—Messrs. Latshaw, White, Hagerty, Ewing, Neill, P. Wagoner; Trigonometry—Messrs. Congdon, Harless, Kleiber; Descriptive Geometry—A. Ancheta; Analytical Mechanics—Messrs. Ancheta, Dolan; Physiology—C. Hagerty; Astronomy—C. Rothert; Engineering—A. Ancheta; Machine Drawing—S. Murdock; History—Messrs. Neill, Brownson, Goebel, Myers, Stubbs.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rev. Father Fitte, of the University, delivered a most eloquent and impressive sermon at High Mass on Sunday.

—The first number of *St. Mary's Chimes*, Vol. XI, was read on Sunday evening. Editresses, the Misses M. C. Murphy and L. Trask.

—The eleventh anniversary of the death of the late lamented Rev. Father Lemonnier was affectionately remembered at Mass and at Holy Communion.

—The music at the *Requiem* Mass on All Souls' Day was very beautiful. The convent choir is possessed of voices rarely gifted in the power of imparting the requisite richness and volume to the beautiful plain chant.

—On Wednesday evening the pupils were collected in the study-hall to listen to Mr. Brotherhood, of Quebec, who exhibited a very interesting apparatus constructed for the purpose of developing and imparting strength to the fingers, wrists, etc., in pianoforte practice. The object is to promote a perfect *technique*. Mr. Brotherhood is the inventor of the instrument, and came highly recommended by his intimate friend, Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Ontario, Canada. The ingenuity and utility of the Technicon are certainly to be commended, and will give courage to many musicians who have suffered from the impediment which it is designed to remove. Two have been ordered for the use of the Academy.

—Miss Laura G. Fendrich, of Class '84, wrote lately:

"Last evening I attended the Josseff concert. At the very first touch I turned to my friend and said: 'There is Sister Cecilia's touch!' and during the evening his delicate *pianissimos* and powerful *fortissimos* were so like that I shut my eyes to keep up the illusion which seemed so real that I thought I was listening to dear little Sister."

Miss Addie Geiser, of Class '79, writes from Delemont, Switzerland, speaking of Sister Mary Cecilia:

"I never realized what a great artist she was until I went to Liszt. He would have been delighted with her. Among all his pupils, there was not one who played Chopin as well as dear little Sister. I will remember the funeral march as long as I live. Liszt is now in Rome, where he will stay until March, when he will go to Pesth to remain several months, and from there to Weimar. He is very kind and good when the pupils are talented; but I have seen him get very angry, especially over Chopin. The least mistake in the interpretation will excite him very much. He was always very kind to me, and would often say when I played: 'None of you can do as well as that!' I have a very good picture of him with his autograph. I enclose a little photograph of Liszt, which is very good."

Miss Belle Gove, of Class '85, writes from Denver of piano recitals given by Sherwood in that city, and expresses herself in almost the same words as those used by Miss Fendrich in her description of Josseff. The letter is full of affectionate re-

membrance of the dear little teacher, Sister Cecilia, whose heart was all devotedness and whose soul was all harmony. She writes:

"I never heard two people play more alike; and when I watched his fingers I could see her. You know the way in which she would hold the notes, or rather the keys, with some fingers and played with others. He fingered and used his hands precisely as she did."

Thought.

If, as no one will pretend to deny, thought is the most subtle and energetic of all agencies placed at the command of the human will, how precious should it be regarded! how reverently should it be esteemed! how vigilantly should the will maintain it in the "straight and narrow way!"

Humanly speaking, thought is almost ubiquitous. With the eagle it can pierce the clouds; or, by the aid of the powerful telescope, penetrate the almost inconceivable distances of stellar space. The depths of the sea, with their coral caves and wonders that even science cannot fathom, are familiar to its daring investigations and labors. Mountains are not barriers, nor are oceans obstacles to its unchallenged course. By a wave of its mighty sceptre, man attains to heights so near the Omniscient that his soul is paralyzed; and, as on the cloud-invading mountain peak the giddy brain and the congested blood-vessels of the tourist remind him that for his temerity he may pay the penalty of his life, so, awe-stricken, the soul falls in adoration, and acknowledges the bounds beyond which even thought may not dare venture. Divine mysteries alone are impenetrable to thought. Revelation holds the key to their domain, and only hand in hand with her, with loving heart and docile feet, may thought presume to enter.

But to return: Success in the most common avocations of life is more or less dependent upon thought. The thoughtful, thrifty housekeeper renders home a place of real pleasure: health and joy, cheerfulness and contentment adorn the path of domestic life with its most lovely blossoms because she has been faithful to her charge. The thoughtful laborer, tradesman, and banker, anticipate danger, and, by steadfast attention to business, forestall disaster.

Where would be to-day the labor-saving, time-annihilating, world-transforming inventions but for the study and untiring meditation, comparison, analysis and experiment of the inventors? Thought has produced each one, from the little type-writer up to the grand steam power press; from the smallest and most simple instrument to the most imposing and intricate machinery.

Again: what aspect would literature, music, and art present to-day but for thought? The "few, the immortal names that were not born to die" would never have been engraven upon the tablet of Fame. The majesty, the truth to nature and to nature's God exhibited in the paintings of a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Raphael; or, in the musical compositions, of a Handel or Beethoven, would never have

been realized but for that steadfast concentration of mind upon the work which marked the efforts of each. Thought built up the superstructures of their genius.

Refer to the lives of true authors, scientists, artists, musicians. If, by experience and culture, you are qualified to interpret their works, trace out the labyrinths of study followed in their respective researches, then you may form some faint estimate of the part played by thought in the world of literature, science and art.

Banishing everything else from the mind, the thinker bends all the energies of his being upon the one task before him; even the clamorous voice of ambition is unheard. Heart and soul are so absorbed in the realization of the ideal, pictured by the imagination, that the aspirations soar far beyond that which is of the earth, earthly, and he becomes an *originator*—a composer—either in scientific paths, in literature, in art, in music. He leaves the beaten path, and makes new discoveries. If by pure intention, in the secret chambers of the heart, the work be consecrated to the divine Author of all perfection it is possessed of a far more lasting worth than the praise of human lips can impart.

But there is another phase of thought. O the anguish it can bring to the guilty! Let us, however, think now but of the joy it can impart, and without which prosperity is but a mockery.

Give free scope to virtuous thought, and the hitherto stolid mind will receive an impetus, realize an activity and energy of which it had never before dreamed. It will achieve far more than that of the boasted genius who trusts to his native brightness and spurns the discipline imparted by patient, laborious thought.

Vigorous exercise is necessary to muscular growth. Vigorous thought is no less necessary to mental growth. Comparatively few of those who call themselves students know how to properly value this mental exercise of which we speak; that enlightened attention which kindles thought and turns over to the understanding the inferior work of mere memorizing. Lessons are mechanically recited, because they have been superficially learned. Thought has had so small a share in the work that, unfortunately, where we find one scholar we find a thousand smatterers.

MARTHA MUNGER (Class '86).

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Alinoch, Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, L. Blaine, Brady, Blair, Bubbs, Blacklock, Brown, Carney, Clendenen, Chute, Considine, Claggett, E. Coll, Dillon, E. Donnelly, A. Duffield, Dart, Desenberg, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Farnsworth, Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, Alice Gordon, Guise, A. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haas, Haines, C. Kingsbury, Keenan, Kearney, Kearsy,

Kearns, F. Kingsbury, Kennedy, Lang, Longworth, Lyons, Levy, Leahigh, Lawrence, Munger, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. Murphy, Monahan, Nagle, North, Otero, Rowley, Riedinger, Rose, Robb, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sullivan, M. Scully, Stadtler, Shields, Shephard, Trask, Terry, Williams, White, Wynn, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—Misses Chaves, Carmien, A. Donnelly, B. English, A. English, Faxon Fehr, Addie Gordon, Lauer, Livingston, Laskey, Morrison, Morse.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Campeau, Cox, Clifford, M. Coll, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Regan, Robinson, Schmauss, Snowhook, Sheekey, H. Smart, Servis, Smith, Van Horn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, M. Goetz, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, M. Philipps, E. Qualey, H. Rhodes, F. Spencer, J. Wallace.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

- 1ST CLASS—Misses Barlow, Bruhn, Shephard.
 2D DIV.—Miss Keenan.
 2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Chute, Carney, Horn, Morrison, Van Horn.
 3D CLASS—Misses M. Dillon, Fuller, Guise, Munger, Riedinger.
 2D DIV.—Misses Brown, Fehr, Kearney, M. F. Murphy, Robinson, Snowhook, M. Scully, Wolvin.
 4TH CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, L. Haas, L. St. Clair, Shields.
 2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Egan, A. English, Lauer, Regan, Sullivan, Walsh.
 5TH CLASS—Misses Barry, H. Coll, Cox, A. Duffield, A. Donnelly, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Krauph, Keyes, Lawrence, Thornton.
 2D DIV.—Misses Allnoch, Clifford, M. Duffield, M. Ducey, E. Donnelly, B. English, Faxon, Longworth, Livingston, M. Murphy, Nagle, Philipps, Parmelee, H. Smart, Servis, S. St. Clair, Stadtler, Smith. *Classed*—M. Stafford.
 6TH CLASS—Misses Bubb, Clendenen, Chaves, Considine, Farnsworth, Hummer, Kearsy, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Levy, N. Meehan, Odell, Qualey, Robb, Spencer, Trask.
 2D DIV.—Misses Blacklock, Carmien, Claggett, Dart, Desenberg, Goetz, Heckard, S. McHale, Henry, Kearns, Lang, Leahigh, M. McNamara, L. Meehan, Mason, Morse, C. McNamara, Pierce, McEwen, Otero, Steele, Schmauss, White, Wynn.
 7TH CLASS—Misses Alwein, Burtis, E. Balch, T. Balch, Blair, Campeau, Caddagan, M. Coll, Degan, Hertzog, Lyons, Monahan, North, Rhodes.

8TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Lindsey, Prudhomme.

9TH CLASS—Dotte Lee.

HARP.

2D CLASS—Miss Dillon.

3D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Shephard.

GUITAR.

6TH CLASS—Misses Otero, Servis.

VIOLIN.

Misses Brown, Carney.

ORGAN.

Miss Congdon.

COUNTERPOINT.

Miss Bruhn.

HARMONY.

Misses Barlow, Horn, Keenan, Shephard.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Bruhn.

2D DIV.—Miss B. English.

2D CLASS—Misses S. St. Clair, M. F. Murphy, B. Lauer.

2D DIV.—Misses L. St. Clair, A. English, H. Guise, S. McHale.

3D CLASS—Misses N. Donnelly, Sullivan, Stadtler, Walsh.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brown, Chaves, Cox, Levy, Wynn.

5TH CLASS—Misses Allnoch Bubb, Regan, M. McNamara, Otero, Service, Wolvin.

[From the "Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune."]

St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City.

Among the missionary schools which are doing glorious work in Utah, in the front rank with the best St. Mary's Academy, in this city, must have its place. It began, in a modest, unpretentious way, several years ago. It has grown with the city, until now it has seventy-four girl boarders, twenty-eight boy boarders, eighty girl day scholars, and fifty boy day scholars. To the original main building there was added last year a large wing, devoted exclusively to music and recitation rooms; this year another great wing has been added which is called the studio, which makes the school proper complete. There has also been added a perfect kitchen and laundry. The building has also been provided with fire escapes which make it perfectly safe. Then in each room where the children sleep one or two Sisters are always stationed to guard against any sudden alarm or sickness.

There is perfect order everywhere, and a glance around is sufficient to show that the whole school is managed by administrative ability of the highest order. Everything is taught that is deemed essential in the foremost high schools of the Union, particular attention being given to the rudimentary branches, and to the most sought-after accomplishments for the advanced scholars. The charm of the management is that, while the pupil feels no restraint save what is perfectly reasonable, there is at the same time a watch as careful as a mother's over every one, and this is never relaxed for a moment, day or night. When a parent leaves a child there, he or she knows that, in addition to the mental training, there will be a perpetual watch kept upon both the conduct and the health of the child; and that the school will be a home second only to the real home, where affection joins with duty in shielding the little ones. Every one here should be most proud of our missionary schools. They come without offense; they make no antagonisms; they combat nothing but ignorance; they ask of children nothing except to be well-behaved and truthful, and to study that they may be more happy, more self-respectful, and of real use in the world. Of this class is St. Mary's Academy, with the others, and it is different from the others in this: those who labor there keep no earthly timetable; they have no earthly pay-roll, but work with the faith that credits are given in the ledgers of Eternity, and that they will draw their pay with interest when death shall have given them their final discharge.